

ce, seeing the inevitable way
feet must tread through difficult places lay,
not go alone, I cried dismay:
I fail, I perish without aid;
when I look to it that I help was nigh,
nature weaker wretcher than I,
on whose head life's fiercest storms had beat,
ing to my garments faithful my feet
I paused no more, my courage found,
snatched and raised her gently from the ground,
ough every peril safe I passed at length.